

## MANY BUTTONS IN THE CAMPAIGN

Not Only the Men, But the Girls, Wear Them in King George County.

### WILLARD IS IN THE LEAD

The Question of Labor Is Again a Burning Question.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
COMORN, VA., April 8.—The Democrats of King George and other sections of the Northern Neck are manifesting a keen interest in the contest between Messrs. Willard, Swanson and Mann for the governorship, and Messrs. Ellyson, Bland and Cabell for the lieutenant-governorship; and but for the "piety" of these good Northern Neckers, there would be wholesale betting on the result of the primary election to be held some time later. Campaign buttons are almost as plentiful as blackberries in midsummer. These "picture buttons" not only adorn the lapels of men's work-day vests and Sunday-evening coats, but are worn by old ladies, young ladies and little lassies as well, and the latter do not forget or hesitate to call attention to the fact portrayed on the buttons they wear.

As previously stated in this correspondence, all the candidates have friends over here. So far, Mr. Willard is in the lead of the gubernatorial aspirants, and Mr. Ellyson is away ahead on the inside track for second place on the ticket. Of many prominent citizens interviewed, a majority believe that Mr. Willard and Mr. Ellyson would make an ideal Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, respectively. While the friends of the other candidates are earnest and unyielding, the best of feelings exist, and so far, there is nothing to indicate anything like bitterness or hateful "mud-slinging." The contest for the United States senatorship is rarely mentioned here.

**LABOR SCARCITY.**  
Farm work that was so backward the 1st of March, progressed rapidly during the fine weather from the 24th of the month to April 3th, when the heavy rains caused a suspension of all outdoor work. Farmers are again confronted by a scarcity of labor that threatens to curtail the area to be cultivated in corn and cowpeas. Hundreds of colored laborers, who spent the winter in this section, have left for the larger cities and for farming and lumber sections up North, since the latter part of March, and not enough men remain to till the farm. In some instances farmers are compelled to pay boys \$10 to \$15 per month for ordinary field work usually done by able-bodied men for \$5 per month. Some will leave their soil untilled and their team idle rather than encourage such extortion or establish so harmful a precedent as \$15 and board for boy labor.

**MR. GRAYMES ILL.**  
Mr. Benjamin B. Graymes, one of the most prominent citizens of this county, is critically ill at the home of one of his married daughters near Bellair, Md. Mrs. Wyson, a daughter of Mr. Graymes, was ill at Bellair, and he hastened to Maryland to see her. She died soon after his arrival at her bedside, and he went to visit another daughter not far distant.

## Do You Take A Toddy?



FOR SALE BY ALL WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.  
Address, E. A. FULCHER, Staunton, Va.

and was taken dangerously ill almost immediately on his arrival. The latest advices about his condition are not at all encouraging.

Mr. Henry Hudson, a young man engaged in the wheelwright and blacksmith shops of J. W. Walker at this place for some time past, left this week for Newport News, where he has procured a business position.

Mrs. Conrad Meyer, who spent the winter with her parents here, will leave tomorrow for Alexandria, where she and her husband will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinsinger, of Georgetown, D. C., are spending a few days with friends at Oso, near here.

Mr. O. A. Billingsley, of Fredericksburg, who has contracted to carry the United States mails between that city and King George, Courthouse from April 1st to July 1st, assumed charge of the route a week ago, and with a splendid team outfit, is giving a very prompt and satisfactory service, so far.

Mrs. Wesley Green, of Washington, is a guest of her mother in lower King George.

### KITTENS IN NEST.

A Metamorphosis That Puzzled the Man Who Set a Hen.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
SCOTTSVILLE, VA., April 8.—A marvelous story is on the wing here of a man who set a hen, and as the time neared for the eggs to hatch, went to see how the hen was progressing. Great was his wonder to find three kittens in the nest, and no eggs.

There is a good peach crop in prospect here if it is not destroyed by frost.

Rev. Wm. Burgess and family, and Miss Corbett, a sister of Mrs. Burgess, are guests of Mr. P. M. Burgess, at Temperance Bridge.

Miss Margaret Clements has returned from Gloucester county, and will shortly begin to rebuild on the same lot where her home was recently burned.

Mr. Travers Alexander and Miss Nellie Alexander, of Warren, are in Scottsville to-day.

Mr. C. B. Harris has returned from a business trip to New York.

Mr. Jackson Beal spent several days in Charlottesville this week.

Rev. Thos. P. Baker leaves for Richmond Friday morning, where he will meet his family on their way from West Point, and together, they will return here on No. 8.

## Whims of the Idler

HE'S ASHAMED OF BEING WHITE.

"Well, who'd a-think that the day would ever come when a feller would feel kinder 'shamed of bein' a white man?"

These startling utterances fell last week from Uncle Hardin Timberlake, a raw-boned, long-throated, rural Caucasian relative of the Commander-in-Chief, who had dropped in on us for a week, and who at the time of his remark had his sun-cured nose buried in a newspaper and his bragged fast hoisted upon our prize mahogany table.

"Nowadays the man what ain't a nigger or a Chinese or a Japanese or an Injun or a Filipino or a Turk don't stand no more show than a bob-tail cow in fly-time," continued our buccolic kinsman, without waiting for encouragement.

"What's allin' the white folks?" asked the Commander-in-Chief, indifferently, for to tell the truth she doesn't take much stock in Uncle Hardin—leastwise not when he uses our house as a tavern on the occasion of his egg-selling visits to town.

"Tain't so much that it's anything allin' us," cheerfully responded H. Timberlake, "for come to think about it, we're as peart as crickets; but it's the way we are niggerizing the whole face of the earth. It's the color that takes the rag off the bush these days—the black and tan and the yellar and the red."

"Now hefo' and endurin' of the war, one squint at a mortal that wasn't bleached and chalky like white wash act on us like a dose of ipecac. And the best we could do for a black, brown, red or yellar friend was to invite the cook to give him a dish of pot liquor on the kitchen stoop."

"But it's different these times. When a blue-gum nigger comes in through the back gate now we don't call off the dog and set him to beatin' rag carpets or choppin' wood. Nor, suh, we fall to clawin' and scratchin' at one another about the best way to educate him—whether to shine him up at college or jist let him cool off at a manual training school, whar they teach embroidery and wood-carving and the raising of canary birds and geraniums and the manufacture of wicker-work baskets."

"The cat's foot," contemptuously responded the usually controversial Commander-in-Chief, without even taking the trouble to argue the matter. And then she added significantly, as she saw the grit on Uncle Hardin's boot grinding the varnish of her table, "Times may be a little bit out of kilter, but when I was a girl—and it ain't been so long ago neither—the fear of a day's work did 'em up. I'm sure the niggers are more than all the off-color people on the face of the earth, and 'twould be a blessed day, Uncle Hardin, if Providence could niggerize you sufficiently to get you at the business end of a plow or to glue those hands of yours to an axe helve."

Now Uncle Hardin, not being the husband of the Commander-in-Chief, and having the facilities for fully appreciating her superb, not to say acrimonious powers of debate—did not know that he was rapidly approaching the danger line. Hoisting his earth-stained trousers so as to expose his white yarn socks and

plumming himself for the fray, he indignantly cried:

"Shucks, woman, there you go flying the handle and sassin' me. Taint no use backin' your ears and showin' the whites of your eyes at me, 'cause I've got the dead wood on you. Since I come to think about it, it's the wimmin folks that's at the bottom of all the trouble. Don't you read ever a day about 'em goin' traipsin' around to club meetin's and societies and associations, raisin' funds for the elevation of the culled race and the enlightenment of the Chinese and the glorification of the Hottentots. Drot 'em, if I had my way I wouldn't lend 'em no more aid. 'Twas a corn-shuckin' or a Hardshell Baptist shoutin' and then I'd want the men on hand to boss the job. What we poor, neglected white menfolks hanker for is societies for the boostin' and elevation of the husbands and the brothers of our once glorious, but now despised race."

"We gave that up decades ago," tartly retorted the lady who was a girl not so very many years since. "Some of our husbands and brothers have got beyond elevation." We couldn't hist 'em morally or mentally with a derreck. Bless my soul if I believe we could pull 'em out the mire with all the kings of 'em. They're so white the white wash act on 'em like a dose of ipecac. 'Tis fear they'll get sunburned or that a day's work will freckle their faces. Why, Uncle Hardin, if a conscientious shying off from toll could bleach a man, you'd have a complexion like a magnolia bloom."

Now, honest Injun, since you come to think about it, can't you see we are going after the raw material and niggerizing the earth, as you call it?

This verbal fusillade so peppered the usually not over-sensitive H. Timberlake that he actually held his peace for a moment. And it was easy to guess by the mutterings in the neighborhood of the colossal Adam's apple that protruded from his turn-down collar, that he was struggling bravely to swallow his mortification.

Vainly did he cudgel his gray matter for a retort. One could see the brain vainly operating in the dome of thought beneath the old codger's bushy gray hair. Finally he resorted to man's invariable defense when a woman betters him in an argument—he tried to ridicule the eccentricities and perversity of the so-called weaker sex. "Wall," he drawled out, "if I'd had any gumption, I wouldn't have wasted no comfort for nothin'. I'd have fly-up-the-creek kind any more than from a balkin' mule. There ain't that woman born that can stand logic. But put this in your pipe and smoke it for good hard sense: If something ain't done and done quick'n three shakes of a sheep's leg, we're goin' to have a few niggers stand no more show than a pussel of white mice or pink-eyed rabbits."

Didn't I see jist last week that the niggers was going to have a play in Richmond, where a big blue gum darky, splay-footed, was to be inaugurated as president? And ain't they all a-quittin' the corn-fields and a-bickin' it off to Collidge and a-talkin' to their yellar dogs in Latin and Greek. And don't the white people throw fust over the black folks' progress and quote figgers to 'show how' the darkies are pushing ahead, and don't we uns see 'em growin' up a row of off-fellow citizens—all the while holding our noses in t'other direction."

"But that ain't half," added Uncle Hardin, without waiting for the Commander-in-Chief to get in a good word edge-ways. "I could stand that, for, after all, cullud folks is mighty handy things to have lyin' round loose, but what raises my bile is the way white folks is whoopin' up them low-legged, flat faced little yellar niggers that's wallopin' the Deacons. Darn my buttons if the whole land don't yell 'Hill 'em agin' every time one of them runt Chinese keels over a Rhossun."

And plague if the white folks ain't so proud of the pumpkin colored little mubbins that they call 'em the Yankkees of the East."

"Oh, fudge," interjected the Commander-in-Chief, at this juncture, but before she could get further, Uncle Hardin had the floor again.

"No, no, no, no," he said, sarcastically, "the honest blush of shame mingles this cheek of mine. But excuse me; don't be impatient, I'm a mere white man. You can't expect nothing better of me. I'm the scurf of the earth. If I had squint eyes or kinky hair or a pig tail or was black or brown or yellar or played on an Injun foot-ball team or was even spotted and speckled like a guinea hen, I'd command respect. But alas, I'm but the scion of a degenerate race."

"Have it your way," wearily said the Queen Regent. "I'm too tired to argue and besides, I fully agree with you as to your degeneracy."

**Do Ministers Complain Too Much?**  
Investigations into the problem of the supply of ministers may that one reason why young fellows to-day are not going into the pulpit is a prevailing pessimism among clergymen. They represent that ministers are apt to emphasize the severity of their work, the smallness of their pay, and generally to adopt a querulous mood. As a matter of fact, even the hardest-worked ministers do not labor, perhaps, more severely than many other successful men in other professions. The advice which these investigators give them is to quit walling and to work all the more strenuously. Even if they have any difficulties to face, the appeal to our young manhood ought to be to the heroic in ministerial life. They will respond to that note quicker than they will to representations of self time.

It is true that country boys, knowing how too many country ministers have been driven out of the ministry by these conditions, but the remedy for this is in the hands of the church, which ought to afford a better competence. Some of these are of the quality and caliber given to the fallings of pastors—fallings which are, frequently, much less prominent than those of other professions. But, doubtless, it is well to hold the ministry to an unusually high standard of education and moral conduct, and to hold that, in the college, the old inspirational teacher who stimulated young men for life-deeds has been supplanted by the somnolent dry-dust specialist who cares only for his "log."—Western Christian Advocate.



to inspect the great stock of Spring Suits we have on display. We are ready to take your order for Easter garments with the largest and fairest priced line of woollens we have ever shown.

Worsteds are the popular stuffs for this spring, and because of the scarcity of woolen yarn, many manufacturers turned out worsteds that contain mercerized cotton threads. These goods are slightly, but will not give satisfactory wear. Our worsteds are strictly all wool—no mercerized here—and we guarantee them to give satisfaction.

Then, too, prices are very moderate. Our two special lines contain one hundred and fifty styles.

**Suits to order,  
\$20 and \$25.**

**Morton C. Stout & Co.**  
TAILORS,  
704 East Main Street.

## RICHMOND WOOD-WORKING COMPANY,

14 North Seventh Street,  
MANUFACTURERS OF



## Show Cases

In all sizes and styles.  
Large lot just made big discount.

## DESKS, Office Furniture and Fixtures.

See our mahogany work at Merchants Bank, and National Bank of Virginia, Interior and exterior MILL WORK of all kinds. LUMBER DEALERS. Dressing and resawing lumber in car lots a specialty.

## SEED

PEAS, POTATOES,  
CANE, MILLET AND  
CORN, GRASS  
AND CLOVER.

S. T. BEVERIDGE & CO.,  
1217 East Cary St., Richmond, Va.

## PATRONS OF THE RICHMOND ICE COMPANY

(which has ceased doing business) and all others desiring coal or fuel of any description will receive the same prompt attention by sending their orders by phone or otherwise to

**A. D. LANDERKIN & CO.**  
Eighteenth and Dock.  
Phone No. 223.

Referring to above advertisement, would state that Mr. Stanley B. Tyler, who has for nearly twenty years assisted Mr. Landerkin in the management of the affairs of the Richmond Ice Company, will be associated and will continue with the concern of A. D. Landerkin and Company.

## DISCONTINUANCE OF FLORIDA LIMITED TRAINS FOR SEASON—

R. F. AND P. R. R.  
The Florida Limited trains operated between New York and St. Augustine will be discontinued for the season as follows:

Seaboard Florida Limited—Last train southward arrives Main Street Station 9:40 P. M., Saturday, April 8th. Last train northward leaves Main Street Station 6:45 A. M., Tuesday, April 11th.  
Atlantic Coast Line—New York and Florida Special—Last train southward arrives Hyatt Street Station 11:40 P. M., Friday, April 7th. Last train northward leaves Hyatt Street Station 6:45 A. M., Tuesday, April 11th.

W. P. TAYLOR,  
Traffic Manager.

It's so often repeated to us, I've been all over town to find

## REPAIRS

FOR MY  
COOK STOVE  
OR  
RANGE,

and have it last succeeded in finding them. We carry the most complete line of repairs for Cook Stoves and Ranges in the city. Wholesale and retailers of everything in

Chinaware,  
Enamelware,  
Glassware,  
Tinware  
and General Housefurnishing Line.  
Expert Tinsmiths and Sanitary Plumbers.

**John H. Rose & Co.,**  
1427 E. Main Street.



The Union News Co.,  
Richmond, Va., Nov. 9, 1904.  
Virginia Lithia Springs Co., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen,—I am pleased to report very satisfactory results from the sale of both Golden Crest Ale and Aerated Lithia Water. Our sales for both far exceed those of any previously handled.

Yours truly,  
A. C. BRICKER, Ass't. Mgr.

ALL GOODS BOTTLED AT THE SPRING.

Virginia Lithia Springs Co., Inc.,  
RICHMOND, VA.

Chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh of the



Bladder Cured in 48 hours.  
Superior to Gophers, Gabses or Injections

**BLUE SERGE**  
Coat and Trousers, \$20.00 and \$25.00, made by

**SCHURNMAN,**  
721 Main Street,  
Hundreds of other cloths to select from.

Write or phone 1930 for samples.

**VIOLETS,  
HYACINTHS,  
JONQUILS,  
MIGNONETTE,**  
and all Spring  
Flowers;  
Blooming Plants of  
**AZALEAS,  
LILIES, &c.**

**Mann & Brown**  
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**We Invite Comparison**  
of the work produced by our  
**Engraving Department**  
with that of any establishment in the country.

**STEEL DIE-STAMPED**  
Commercial and Social  
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**WEDDING INVITATIONS**  
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**VISITING CARDS,**  
Reception and At-Home Cards,  
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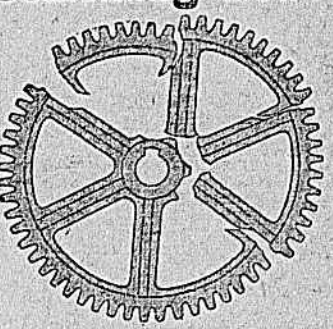
Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

We Have Our Own Plant.

**THE BELL BOOK & STATIONERY CO.**  
914 East Main Street,  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

**\$1.50 Round Trip**  
to Newport News,  
Saturday, April 8th, via C. & O.  
Leave Richmond 9 A. M.

## Something New!



Broken castings mended with  
"FERROFIX." Made as strong as  
new. "Ferofix" is the only com-  
pound that will do this. It is pat-  
ented, and we have sole patent rights  
in Richmond and Manchester.

**CAMERON-TENNANT**  
MACHINE WORKS,  
2404, 2406 East Main Street.  
Phone 1186.



**Scientifically  
Adjusted  
Spectacles and  
Eye-Glasses**

insure perfect vision and pre-  
serve both eyesight and health.  
Lithia Glasses do harm and  
should be avoided. Our com-  
pletely equipped optical estab-  
lishment, with factory on the  
premises, enjoys a constantly  
increasing patronage, which is  
larger to-day than at any time  
since our existence. The cause  
may be easily found in the  
correct and expert service which  
we render to both children and  
adults at moderate charges. Pre-  
scription work is our specialty.

**THE S. GALESKI**  
OPTICAL CO.,  
Corner Eighth and Main Streets.

## COAL.

Best quality, low prices, prompt  
deliveries.

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All kinds, sawed to order.  
We respectfully solicit a portion  
of your orders.

**RICHMOND COAL CO.**  
JOHN M. KING, Manager.  
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# THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

The ingredients that enter into S. S. S. and the method of combining and preparing them so that they build up and strengthen every part of the body, make it the greatest of all tonics. S. S. S. is nature's remedy—PURELY VEGETABLE—and while it is restoring the lost appetite, overcoming that tired, run-down feeling, and other ailments common to Spring, which warn us that it is necessary to take a tonic, it is purifying the blood of all poisons and waste matters so that it can supply to the system the strength and nourishment it needs to keep it in perfect condition during the depressing summer months that are to follow.

Spring is the season when most every one needs a tonic. It is nature's time for renewing and changing; and as everything puts on new life, the sap rises in vegetation, the earth thaws out from its winter freezes, and all respond to Spring's call to purge and purify themselves, there is a great change also takes place in our bodies. The blood endeavors to throw off the poisons and accumulations which have formed in the system, and been absorbed by it, from the inactive winter life, and calls upon every member to assist in the elimination. The system is often unequal to the struggle, the appetite grows fickle, the energies give way, the spirits are depressed, and a general run-down condition is the result.

Then the body must have assistance—it must be strengthened and aided by a tonic, and S. S. S. is the ideal one. Being made entirely from roots, herbs and barks, it does not disagreeably affect the system in any way as do most of the so-called tonics on the market, which contain Potash or some other harmful mineral ingredient to derange the stomach and digestion, unfavorably affect the bowels, or otherwise damage the health. S. S. S. tones up the stomach and digestion and assists in the assimilation of food; it rids the system of that always-tired, worn-out feeling, and imparts vigor and tone to every part of the body. It re-establishes the healthy circulation of the blood, stimulates the sluggish organs, and calms the unstrung nerves which make one feel that he is on the verge of prostration. S. S. S. gives an appetite and relish for food that nothing else does, and by its use we can find ourselves with as hearty, hungry an appetite in Spring as at any other season.

It acts more promptly and gives better and more lasting results than any other remedy, and is absolutely safe because of its vegetable purity. Dyspeptic, irritable, nervous, debilitated people will find S. S. S. is just the medicine that is needed for the purification of the blood, which, from its diseased or impure condition, is causing their trouble, as well as for toning up and helping the entire system. When you take your tonic this Spring do not experiment, but get the best—the tonic with forty years of success behind it, and the one endorsed by the best people all over the country—**S. S. S., THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.** It is necessary at this time, when the system is depleted and weakened at every point, that the right remedy be used—one that is especially adapted to the condition, and S. S. S. has proved itself to be this remedy for many years. If it is taken at the first sign of Spring the system will be so built up and strengthened that the disagreeable affections of the season will not be felt as warmer weather comes on.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.**

### AN EFFORT TO PULL THROUGH THE DAY.

I have used S. S. S. quite extensively and unhesitatingly recommend it as the best blood purifier and tonic made. I am a machinist by trade and at one time my system was so run down that by 10 o'clock every day I would be completely exhausted, and it was with the greatest effort that I could pull through the balance of the day. Since taking S. S. S., however, all this has disappeared. I am a strong, vigorous man, abundantly able to do my day's work, my appetite has been whetted up so that I can eat anything, my sleep is sweet and refreshing, and I know further that it has purified my blood and put it in good condition. I cannot speak too highly of your great remedy, S. S. S.  
817 W. Broad St., Columbus, O. A. B. MONTGOMERY.

### SHE FOUND IT THE BEST SPRING TONIC.

On two occasions I have used S. S. S. in the spring with fine results. I can heartily recommend it as a tonic and blood purifier. I was troubled with headache, indigestion and liver troubles, which all disappeared under the use of S. S. S. My appetite, which was poor, was greatly helped. I can eat anything I want now without fear of indigestion, and my blood has been thoroughly cleansed of all impurities and made rich and strong again. As a tonic and blood purifier it is all you claim for it.  
77 E. Main St., Springfield, O. MRS. G. WIEGEL.